O how I loue thee! how I dote on thee!

Enter Robin goodfellow.

Ob. Welcome good *Robin*. Seeſt thou this ſweete ſight?
Her dotage now I doe beginne to pittie.
For meeting her of late, behinde the wood,
Seeking ſweete fauours for this hatefull foole,
I did vpbraid her, and fall out with her.
For ſhe his hairy temples then had rounded,
With coronet offreſh and fragrant flowers.
And that ſame deawe which ſometime on the buddes,
Was wont to ſwell, like round and orient pearles;
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes,
Like teares, that did their owne diſgrace bewaile.
When I had, at my pleaſure, taunted her,
And ſhe, in milde tearmes, begd my patience,
I then did aske of her, her changeling childe:
Which ſtraight ſhe gaue mee, and her Fairy ſent
To beare him, to my bower, in Fairie land.
And now I haue the boy, I will vndoe
This hatefull imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle *Puck*, take this transformed ſcalpe,
From of the heade of this *Athenian* ſwaine;
That hee, awaking when the other do,
May all to *Athens* backe againe repaire,
And thinke no more of this nights accidents,
But as the fearce vexation of a dreame.
But firſt I will releaſe the Fairy Queene.
Be, as thou waſt wont to bee:
See, as thou waſt wont to ſee.
Dians budde, or *Cupids* flower,
Hath ſuch force, and bleſſed power.
Now, my *Titania*, wake you, my ſweete Queene.

Tita. My *Oberon*, what viſions haue I ſeene!
Me thought I was enamourd of an aſſe.

Ob. There lyes your loue.

Tita.

Tita. How came theſe things to paſſe
O, how mine eyes doe loath his viſage
Ob. Silence a while. *Robin*, take off t
Titania, muſicke call, and ſtrike more
Then common ſleepe: of all theſe, fin
Ti. Muſick, howe muſick: ſuch as charm
Rob. Now, when thou wak'ſt, with th
Ob. Sound Muſick: come, my queen, t
And rocke the ground whereon theſe
Now, thou and I are new in amitie,
And will to morrow midnight, ſolemn
Daunce, in Duke *Theſeus* houſe triump
And bleſſe it to all faire proſperitie.
There ſhall the paires of faithfull louer
Wedded, with *Theſeus*, all in iollitie.
Rob. Fairy King, attend, and marke:
I do heare the morning Larke.
Ob. Then my Queene, in ſilence ſad,
Trippe we after nights ſhade:
We, the Globe, can compaſſe ſoone,
Swifter then the wandring Moone.
Tita. Come my Lord, and in our flight
Tell me how it came this night,
That I ſleeping here was found,
With theſe mortals on the ground.

Enter Theſeus *and all his traine.*

The. Goe one of you, finde out the for
For now our obſeruation is performde
And ſince we haue the vaward of the da
My loue ſhall heare the muſicke of my
Vncouple, in the weſterne vallie, let th
Diſpatch I ſay, and finde the forreſter,
Wee will, faire Queene, vp to the moun
And marke the muſicall confuſion
Of hounds and Echo in coniunction.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Midsummer Night's Dream* (STC 22302) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.29